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ally Sloper's Half Holiday

FOUNDED AND CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

Vol. XII.—No. 571.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1895.

[ONE PENNY.]



SLOPER'S LATEST SCHEME.

"With his usual enterprise and more than average cheek, P. or Pa has seized the opportunity occasioned by the death of Worth, of Parisian fame, to himself pose as the world's representative ladies' costumier. Somehow or another, though, Society does not seem to patronise him to the extent it might. Nevertheless, Dad still continues to peg, or rather stitch away, and, as several of the 'Friv.' girls have promised him their custom when they marry their favourite lordlets, he may yet, with an average amount of luck, prove himself a worthy successor of Worth."—TOOTSIE.

CONCERNING THE VALUE OF SENTIMENT.



It is remarkable with what a wealth of luxuriant expletives and indicative animosity a man will assail the partner of his joys and sorrows, merely on account of some little domestic difference of opinion.



And yet the very same man, a couple of hours later, will bring the honest whisky-laden tears to his own eyes and those of his pals by the pathos with which he asserts that "There isn't a lydy livin' in the land As 'e'd swop for 'is dear old dutch."

A HORRIBLE NIGHT'S WORK.

IN 1821, among the wild mountains of Tipperary, dwelt a bold and ferocious villain called Gorman. He was of gigantic stature, with large features, and a face which is described as "partly human except for a look of diabolical cunning."

This man had been ejected from his cottage by a respectable farmer of the name of Shea, and joining a gang of ruffians who were the terror of the country round, and had perpetrated all manner of atrocities, he vowed vengeance against the farmer and his family.

There was a miserable little public-house of evil repute among the mountains, kept by a man and wife named Kelly, which was much frequented by the lawless gang with whom Kelly was in league. Mrs. Kelly was a dark, silent woman, who did not live very comfortably with her husband. On the night of November 20th, 1821, one of the gang came to Kelly's place and began in an inner room to melt some lead and to make bullets. Mrs. Kelly knew that a tragedy was about to take place, and, moved by compassion, begged him not to kill the Sheas. She had a cousin, Kate Maholy, who was servant to the Sheas, and while she was speaking to the man Kate came into the inn. The man began to joke with her, and Kate innocently gave him every particular respecting the domestic economy of the Sheas, the number of people in the house and the arms they possessed—everything indeed they would have wished him not

to know, had they been aware of his intentions.

After she was gone, Mrs. Kelly again entreated him to do no harm to Kate, and this the man promised, fearing if he did not she might put the Sheas on their guard. That night Mrs. Kelly could not close her eyes, but she waited until her husband was asleep and then crept out of bed, and, wrapping herself in his coat, softly stole from the house. Outside a cottage belonging to one of the gang she had barely time to crouch behind some bushes before the door opened and the ruffians came forth. They were all armed, and one carried two lighted pieces of turf, which he kept alive by blowing on them. She kept at a long distance from them, knowing they would murder her if they saw her, and at last reached the top of a hill overlooking the valley in which the Sheas' house lay.

Suddenly a bright light burst from the thatch of the farmhouse, another flame broke out on the opposite side, the house was enveloped in flames, and the whole glen lit up with a lurid glare. Shrieks of terror and screams for mercy rose from the victims, and were replied to by yells of derision, and the murderous wretches danced wildly in their ferocious excitement. Although they were armed, those within made no attempt at resistance. Overwhelmed with terror, they struggled, fought and impeded each other like rats in a burning barn, and were found next morning piled up behind the front door, an entangled, blackened mass—a confused and horrible heap.

Next morning the whole country was aroused, and slowly the police reached the spot, but could gain no information. An immense reward was offered for the discovery of the murderers, but a year and a half passed before information could be obtained—no one would denounce the wretches.

Mrs. Kelly led a haunted life. The recollection of the horrors filled her brain. She could not rest in her bed, but rose night after night to wander round the blackened ruins, which had a horrible attraction for her.

She spoke to no one, but crawled about too miserable to live, yet afraid to die. Her mind began to give way under the weight of this horrible secret. She believed that her cousin Kate was constantly haunting and reproaching her for not bringing the murderers to justice. At last she revealed the secret at confession. The priest urged her to inform the magistrate, which at length she did to give rest to her cousin's soul.

Gorman and all the gang were arrested, tried, convicted and hanged. Whether or not Mrs. Kelly received the reward and left the country is not stated. The detestation in which, at that time, "informers" were held was deep-rooted.

(Next week, "Vidoeq.")

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned, should inclose a stamped envelope large enough to contain the contributions submitted. Do not inclose loose stamps.

There are more than two, but we can send you on a list, F. DAY; If you let us have address, please, that will be the quickest way. Rather funny, R. H. ALLEN. But as ancient as the hills. Very sad indeed, A. BOOZER; It's the pace, you know, that kills. Not at present, DONALD STUART. Haven't any space, F. S. Out of print, A GREAT ADMIRER. Once or twice we fancy, BESS. Very pleased to hear it, BERTHA; We can do with plenty more. Tell us something, please, A READER. That we haven't heard before. Sorry that we cannot tell you see a lawyer, H. F. J.; What would be the legal outcome, it is difficult to say.

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JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

At the Gymnasium.

De Masher (to friend). Bai Jove! Just watch the play of his muscles.

The Muscular Man. Play be hanged, you Dutch doll of a man! It's work, and bally hard work, too.

First Benedict. How do you manage to get your servant up in the morning? Do you use an alarm?

Second Benedict. Oh, no. I found that was of no use, but I've made arrangements for the baby to sleep in her room, and she's never late in the morning now.

THE bootblack boy's to oaths inclined.

His jokes, though sometimes drollish,

Are of that rule and boorish kind

Which we would fain abolish.

His unenlightenment of mind

The School Board can't demolish:

Yet own we that he's quite refined—

For the bootblack lacks not polish!

Bigley. Shocking thing that about poor Dumper, wasn't it?

Discovered raving mad in a railway carriage the other day.

Bagley. Dreadful, dreadful! have they any idea of the cause, do you know?

Bigley. Oh, yes; the poor wretch was locked in an express with half-a-dozen women who were discussing servants.

New Curate. Good morning, Mr. Stingiman. I see that your name is only down for half-a-crown on our subscription list. That must be a mistake, surely! All your neighbours are giving a sovereign.

Mr. Stingiman. No, sir, no mistake whatever. I've always understood that the Lord loves a cheerful giver, and whereas I don't so much mind a half crown, I should be anything but cheerful if I had to shell out a quid for them blooming coals, or boots, or blankets, or whatever it is.



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.

No. 571.—The "April" Costume.



SPOTS TO BE AVOIDED.



"Charley Blossom is coming soon to ask your consent to our engagement, dad." "But you are only fourteen, child." "Yes, I know; but Charley is rich, and if I don't snap him up at once, some other girl will be bound to do so."



AUTHORS—AUTHENTIC.

No. 51.—A. Martinet



SCENE—Law Courts. Disputed Will Case.
Counsel, I understand you to say your husband suffered from strange hallucinations?
Witness. Yes, he fancied he was going to get some of his pla produced.

Inkies. Hallo, old man, you look pale, what are you going have?

Scribbler. Two of Scotch cold. I've just seen a man run over.

Inkies. Heavens! How horrible! Weren't you very much upset?

Scribbler. Not so much as I might have been. You see, it was only a publisher.

Town Cousin. There! There she is. That is one of the N. Women.

Country Cousin. That thing! Why she is only a middle-aged girl.

SIR BOOZLE FOOZLE, who lived at Shields,

Was a fine old crusted Tory,

And he wished his son in political fields

To achieve political glory.

But why—since he wished his son to shine

'Mid Conservatives of the nation—

Did he say, "I will tutor this boy of mine

With a LIBERAL education?"

Small Son (looking up from book). What is the meaning of the word "bijou," father?

Father. Bijou, my boy, is an auctioneer's term used to describe any residence that is particularly small and poky.

Magistrate (to "drunk and disorderly"). You are a wash woman, I believe, are you not?

Prisoner (indignantly). Beggin' your pardon, sir, nothin' of the kind; I'm a hartist in koller dressin'.

THOUGH honesty is supposed to be the best policy, it is always that you find the man with an utter lack of principle with an utter lack of principal.

Proud Possessor of New Gee-gee. There, now! Look at him. There, now, what should you think I gave for him.

The Man in the Trade (spitting in the corner). Threeha'pence pound, uncooked.

Jones. I must say that I envy that fellow who just return thanks for the visitors.

Smith. You do? Why he can't speak a little bit.

Jones. That's just it. I envy him his awful lovely cheek getting up to talk when he must know that he can't do it.

Wife. I—I'm awfully sorry to tell you, John, that the ba accidentally got into your studio and dabbed a lot of paint all over your last picture. Just look at it, I'm afraid it's quite ruined.

Impressionist Artist. H'm—ah—oh, well, never mind, my dear. I'll give it a touch or two and call it "A Study," nobody will any the wiser.

TOM SPUNJON—deuce take him!—unwearied would sit

Many hours every day in my warm ingle-nook

Till he bored me to death, but at last, to get quit

Of his presence, I lent him a two-guinea book.

And, of course, I've ne'er seen him since then. But you'll say

That it cost me two guineas to get myself free

From his presence? Nay, nay, I am not such a jay,

For that two-guinea book had been borrowed by me!

Wiggs. Hullo, old man, how did you manage to get that big eye, eh?

Wiggs. Standing up to a lady.

Wiggs. Standing up for a lady, I suppose you mean?

Wiggs. No, I mean what I say; perhaps you don't know my wife.

Young Lady from London. And what is planted in all the fields over there?

Farmer. Swedes, miss, swedes.

Young Lady from London. Oh, indeed! is that what you call them down here? We pronounce it swedes in London.

IT is the early bird that catches the fattest worm, and it is the early milkman who cops the biggest number of tips by assisting the "smoker-going" citizen to select the right keyhole from the large assortment he usually finds on hand.

Teacher. What is dew, and how is it produced after a hot day? Next! Next! Next! Yes, Johnny, you may speak and tell the big boys, who ought to be ashamed of themselves.

Johnny. Please, teacher, it's the, it's the—the—the—awful heat what makes the ground regular sweat.

Brown. Have you done anything with that perpetual motion machine which you were perfecting before you were married?

Cleversticks. Eh? Oh! Ah, yes, of course. Oh, yes, I've made it into a stand for the wife's sewing machine.

Visitor (in some doubt). Er—I believe this is Mr. Trotter's house, is it not?

Irish Maid. Shure, sor, it's meself that's unable to tell yez, didn't I hear the masher tell the mistress he hardly knew whether to call the house his own?

YOU may teach your cook to cook so well

That the Queen would gladly hire her;

You may train her so, that she'll expel

All followers who admire her.

But she'll never cease, till death's rough hand

Her skilful life-work ceases,

From calling celery "salary," and

Describing cream as "creases!"

Young Sharpshins. What is the meaning of the book of the season, dad?

Old Sharpshins. It is invariably a book, my son, which is spoken of by everyone for two months and never heard of afterwards.

Mr. Proppter (reading from newspaper). It is stated on good authority that a well-known Highland Regiment will not be allowed to wear their kilts any longer.

Mrs. Proppter. Dear me! I'm very much surprised. Well, events I hope they will not allow them to wear them any shorter.

Histrionic Aspirant (after giving specimen of his powers). An now you've seen what I can do, what line do you advise me to take?

Manager (with emphasis). A clothes-line, and hang yourself to the nearest tree with it. Good morning.

READ THE NEW TALE OF LIFE IN LONDON.

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LARKS!

ONE HALFPENNY.

ONE HALFPENNY.

TOOTSIE AND OSCAR WILDE.

THERE are too many critics about. This cannot, surely, be denied. There are too many, and for the most part they are too young. They are also much too serious.



Geoffrey Gordon, MISS MILLARD.

John Worthing, J.P., MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.

The treat a new play as though there were nothing in the wide world of greater importance. It quite frightens one to think that in the morning there will be a column and a half of small print to be got through before one can arrive at the opinion of one man, one out of a houseful, an opinionated man full of prejudices—a sort of critical crank.

There are some actors, according to the crank, who can do nothing wrong, and some others who can do nothing right. According to the crank, Mr. Oscar Wilde is a desperate offender. The crank objects to his epigrams and paradoxes, his button-holes and cigarettes. The first time the crank set down severely upon Mr. Wilde, Mr. Wilde ought, according to the crank, to have been so flattened out he could no more have set himself up, again than all the king's horses and all the king's men could set up Humpty-Dumpty. But Oscar, somehow, suffered no more from the crank's weight than the bull did from that of the fly upon his horn.

If a play is not to the public's liking a critic can crush it, but not otherwise, and any number of critics cannot make a success of anything the public does not like, when the first curiosity is satisfied. But lately the crank has said, when addressing the public about a badly constructed piece that did not run, "I like it, so you ought to like it, and if you don't like it you're fools." Again, when allowing that the audience roared all night at Mr. Wilde's lines, the crank says, "There was nothing in the lines to laugh at. It was all a wearisome trick.

The people who laughed were fools. Nobody any other night but the first night will laugh, but if they do they are fools. I did not laugh—which proves that I am not a fool."

There are fashions in authorship. Once Lord Lytton's tall talk was the fashion, and nobody sneered at Claude Melnotte's description of "A palace lifting to eternal summer its marble walls," or that prig of an Evelyn's long-winded common-places. Tom Robertson's popularity is on the wane, or was there something wrong with the acting in the last made experiment? With the exception of *Our Boys*, which of Byron's plays is now a draw? Charles Reade and Tom Taylor are no good in London, and Mr. Oscar Wilde is at present the fashion, and very much so too.

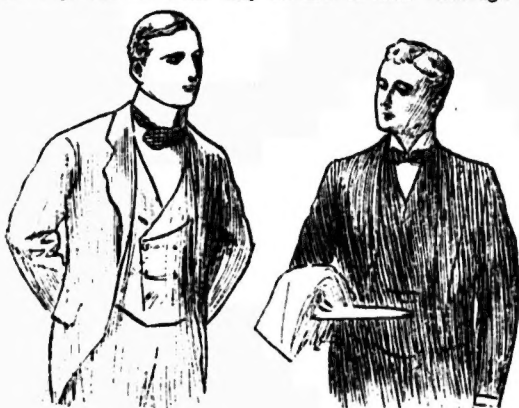
His latest acted piece, *The Importance of Being Earnest*, a trivial comedy for serious people, is the taste of the town, and there are crowded houses every night at the St. James's Theatre, though critics great and small have fallen foul of both play and the title; and I think if you go there you will be as much pleased as I was.

The idea of the story is a good one. Two men, who find themselves a bit restive in the "Domestic Circle," and want a day or two "off," conjure up from misty space two impalpable personages by the names of Ernest and Bunbury, in whose society, according to their account, they spend all their time when absent from home. Perhaps it was rather unkind of Mr. Wilde to have them let the cat out of the bag, and set husbands and wives and fathers and mothers a-thinking. There are, in real life, so many Ernests and Bunburys; sick aunts and important clients with whom absentees, so much against their will, have to spend so much time. I have known many of them, and can only say that they did not answer to their description.

In Mr. Wilde's play, the picturesque fibsters don't come to much grief after all, and all ends happily. The dialogue is capital, and the incidents most amusing. Mr. Alexander plays well a part that suits him; Mr. Allan Ayresworth is admirable; Mr. H. H. Vincent makes a life-like rector, and Mr. F. Kinsey Peile is very smart and well made up. Miss Rose Leclercq plays as usual, delightfully, and the same may be said of Miss Vanbrugh and



Non, Guendolen Fairfax, MISS IRENE VANBRUGH.



Alphonse Mousier, MR. AYRESWORTH.

His secretary, LAURE, MR. KINSEY PEILE.

Miss Millard, and Mrs. George Canninge is good as a governess. A long run may, I venture to say, be safely predicted for Mr. Oscar Wilde's new dramatic venture in spite of the croakings of the cranks.

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"SETTLES THE LIVER BY MORNING."

31 Carlingford Street, Liverpool, S., January 14th, 1895.

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Yours truly,

GEO. E. TRENER.

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THE LATE GORDON FRASER.

ONCE again we appeal to the hearts and sympathy of our readers on behalf of the young widow and little children of this clever artist. Poor chap! he must have delighted many thousands of people with his humorous drawings, which appeared for so long on the last page of the "HALF-HOLIDAY." Will not some of those he did his best to amuse come forward now, and lend a helping hand to the family of little ones and faithful wife, he has left behind him wholly unprovided for? The circumstances of his lamentable death, while skating near his home at Houghton in Huntingdon, we have already described. Anything more sad and distressing it is difficult to imagine. His original "SLOPER" drawings are all for sale, for the benefit of his widow and children. We are only asking ten shillings each for them, and their actual value must be six times that sum. We have already sold several, and the gratitude of Mrs. Fraser for the money sent her is absolutely beautiful and wholly indescribable. We have no hesitation in saying that one ten-shilling piece to her, in this the hour of her unbearable sorrow and loss, is a positive God-send. Kind readers, we crave your valued assistance, and feel sure we shall not ask it in vain.

DARKNESS AND DAWN.

THE chill March blast blew in at the shop door, and the poor struggling boot and shoemaker who had only recently set up in business in Stroud Green sat despondently in his shop and listened to his children, in the room beyond, crying—ay, positively shrieking at times—for bread.

"Pennyworth of porpoise-oil blacking, and a smile," said a SLOPER young man, just then entering the shop. And, noticing the grief of the son of St. Crispin, he added, "Why, cully, what's the matter?"

"Oh, sir, matter enough," answered the shoemaker, "I'm ruined, sir, and the savings of a lifetime have been swept away in a single day."

"Lor! Backing horses?"

"Not me, sir; it was in what I thought was legitimate trade."

"Well, well, well. Tell me all about it."

"I will, sir. You must know that soon after I opened this shop last week I determined to make a leading article of ladies' walking-shoes at five-and-eleven. Same afternoon in came a young lady—oh dear, oh dear, how was it I didn't notice it!"—and he sobbed as though his very heart would break—"she came, sir—she came from Finsbury Park!"

The mere mention of the place caused such a fresh flow of grief that the poor shoemaker clung for a moment to his counter for support. Then he proceeded:

"Well, sir, of course I was on one side of the counter and she was on the other—oh dear, oh dear! I took the order and she left her measure. I made those shoes, sir, though it took every scrap of leather I had in the shop, but even then they were too small—pinched her across the instep, she said—and she's thrown the shoes on my hands. And I'm a ruined man, sir, for you see all my capital's locked up in those shoes; I haven't a shilling to buy stock with, and my poor children—you can hear 'em yourself—are yelling with hunger!"

The heart of the SLOPER young man was touched. He had himself felt the pinch of poverty—years before he was connected with SLOPER, of course—and the trottercase-maker's story touched the spot. He slapped the disheartened man on the back and there and then bought those shoes. He was going over to Paris, you see, for the *Mé Carême*; wanted to take a lot of fancy dresses over with him, and his own portmanteaus weren't half big enough. Never was a man more thankful than that shoemaker. As he gathered up the money which would set him up in business again, he wanted to hug the SLOPER young man.

And won't the French porters at the Gare du Nord swear when they see those trunks!!!

AT THE SAME TIME.

SOME people seem to think that they know everything that's going on in the world. What is more, that they know also everything that's not in the world.

I don't believe in ghosts and things, yet things happen that I can't make head nor tail of. Perhaps no wonder, you say.

Yet this is true what I'm going to tell.

Let me change names a little to begin with. John Jones was a man in the tea trade way, Mincing Lane.

"A very smart man John is," everybody said. That is to say everybody who admired putting a bit of money on the Liverpool Cup, a Music-hall *matinée*, a lark round town, etc.

Old-fashioned people didn't quite take so much to John. Their daughters did, though—now and again a little bit too much and to spare.

"I like to make myself amusing to the simple peasant, and all that sort of young person." By simple peasant he meant any female mashable creature that was gone on his particular tyke.

One of his latest admirers was Pussie Jennings, a little creature in the boot-closing way that he had come across on a Saturday at Epping. She was really a good child at heart. She had never met a man before so good-looking, so well-dressed, so something or the other about him that cabmen, railway porters and waiters all seemed bound to say "sir" to. So this little girl and he went for walks. A very foolish thing on the part of a humble boot-closer. The little cheap china jar should never attempt to swim next the big silver basins.

One day when they were out Rayswater way, John, the grand and heroic, offered to buy Pussie, the humble and boot-closing, a watch. She was not a bit greedy girl, but she liked the compliment—likewise the time-keeper.

"You will promise," said the little boot-closer, as they sat on a bench facing Park Lane, close to the Board of Works park geraniums, "you will promise that you'll never let your watch stop, and I shall promise never to let mine. When I look at my watch I shall know that you've the same time about you, and it will feel quite company like. You must promise that, or you won't be good, and I shan't love you."

He promised. Such promises are cheaper than temperance drinks. Besides, he was going to America for three months, and it would console her to have that watch. He didn't tell her he was going, because he didn't like scenes.

"You are a dear," the weak-minded boot-closer went on, and then added quite seriously, "If ever my watch does stop I shall know something's wrong, and if ever yours does you'll know that something's wrong."

Jones did his three months—not "time"—but business in America. He'd never taken the trouble to write to her, you bet.

One night, at 10.30, he was standing on the deck of the *Necada* s.s.; suddenly he shivered.

"I must have a touch of liver," he grumbled. He stayed above, though, for a little time. It was a bright moonlight night, so he thought he'd see what the time was, and took out his watch. "Ten-thirty! why, it *must* be later than that—hang it all, it's stopped!" He turned in. At Queenstown, next morning, the newspapers were put aboard. Taking up the *Standard*, he saw a paragraph headed "Another Suicide from Waterloo Bridge."

"Why, what's this?" At 10.30, last evening, as Constable... heard a cry... drags got out... but quite dead. Young woman of the name of Pussie Jennings."

You see, there is something going on in an odd way that the cleverest can't exactly explain.

For a moment or two John Jones felt faint and giddy. He shuddered, and almost fancied that his arm was touched by a cold hand, and that a breath of cold air played on his cheek. But lor! bless you! little boot-closers don't go in for the ghost line.

A brandy and soda, or two or three, pulled him round again. The moral of this is, that you shouldn't shed watches right and left; perhaps there isn't any moral in it, though.



John Jones.



Sat on a bench.



"It's stopped."



BOOT ON THE OTHER LEG.

Lady (engaging Cook). I hope you have not a weakness for policemen?
Cook. Lor, no, mum; it's them as has a weakness for me!



"What do yer mean by saying you're used to high life?" "Haven't I lived in a battle all my life?"



Young Moss. Der schoolmaster says der love of money is der root of all evil.
Old Moss. Yesh, my boy, quite right; and you must be careful to do all der good you can in der world by getting it away from other people.



"I shall not marry George, dear. He went to sleep in church last Sunday, and snored louder than even the parson preached."—
Extract from Letter of Young Lady.

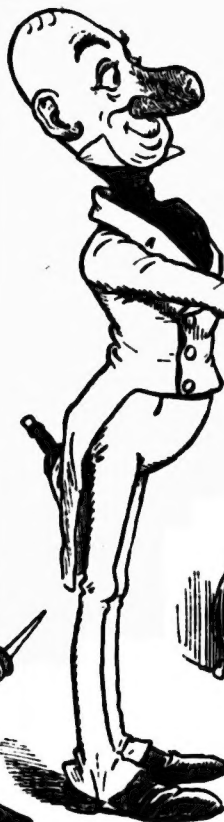
•• Miss Sloper will be delighted to receive photographs from those of her friends whose portraits have not yet been inserted.

TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.



NO. 385.—MISS NORA BURTON.

"A veritable queen of beauty." —The Duke Snook.
"Vain, vain is all attempt to hide my love." —Lord Bob.
"Alas! I am distracted by her charms." —The Hon. Billy.



1



"All political topics have been cast into the shade by the news of the retirement of Mr. Peel." Such are the words of a contemporary, and it being a fact the Member for Shoe Lane can testify. Several Bills that he has introduced lately, and which, by this time, should have become law, have been taken no notice of whatever. Not a single member has even glanced at his Public House Never Closing Bill, his Mildew Court Extension—Cost to be Defrayed by the Exchequer Bill, his Paying Members for Non-Attendance Bill, his Compulsory Delirium Tremens Bill, his Lady Cycle Knicker Costume Tax Bill, his Free Drinks After Midnight Bill, his Better Preservation of Baldheads by Soft Rubber Paving Bill, his Gratis Supply Rum and Milk in the Morning by Water Companies Bill, and many others too numerous to mention, for they—the M.P.'s—have all been too busy talking of nothing else but the retirement of Mr. Peel, and his probable successor. At once A. SLOPER tells Arnold Morley, Campbell-Bannerman, Gully, Hingworth, Teddy Grey, Ridley, Franky Lockwood and Courtney, that they need not think anything more about it, for it is all settled. The Speaker who will succeed the Right Hon. Arthur Wellesley Peel, D.C.L., M.P., will be no other than the Right Hon. ALEXANDER SLOPER, F.O.M., A.S.S., M.P. 'Twas thus:—(1) "My dear SLOPER," cried Mr. Peel, grasping his

hand, when the former entered the latter's room,—an idea! Why not be my successor yourself?" "My dear Arthur," replied A. SLOPER, "your words are, as usual, singularly well chosen, for only to-day did I inform my family that such was my resolve; in fact, I have already appointed my officers." "And they are—?" (2) "My son, Alexandry, as Sergeant-at-Arms;—(3) William Higgins, deputy. His idea of the appointment at present is somewhat shady; he perfectly bristles with weapons; but he would be useful in keeping under control the Irish Party." "Yes; and your Train Bearer, who is he?" (4) "He is not a he at all, he is a she—my daughter Tootsie." "Good! Her presence in the House will have as much influence in a softening degree as yours, commanding as it will be." "Exactly my views, dear Arthur. By-the-by, allow me to try on your wig." "Most certainly!"—(5) A. SLOPER adjusted it on his mossy cranium, and turned towards the Speaker. "If there could be any doubt, that settles it," said Mr. Peel; "your features were made for it." A. SLOPER blushes, for he is modest by nature, at the same time, don't he intend to be down on Sir Wilfrid and other M.P. patrons of the Water Companies. He hasn't served an apprenticeship of 40 years' duration to the "Unsweetened" business for nothing, you can bet your bottom dollar upon that!

THE ELDER SNOWED UP AGAIN.



(1) The Laird said, "It's an ill wind that blows nabady guid: the terror o' the neighbourhood is dead at last."

(2) "French-nailed, by all that's ginger, broadly!" he roared.

(3) And the Elder said, "There's no privacy in this blessed country. What did the beast want glowerin' at me, and jamerin' about me being dead?"

CONGRATULATIONS.



The Warlike Whistler.



Ay. Abrocious. Abbaek



Guying the girls.



Windy weather.



Letting loose the dogs of law.



Metropolitan Moslems.

OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

Hallo! hallo! hallo! Here you are again, then, ready and waiting. The beautiful regularity with which you all turn up to time week after week is one of the surest signs of the continued popularity of the Show. Walk up this way, please, we're just about to commence:—"Come on," cried Whistler, "the gore I thirst for, that of Georgey Moore":—"The ribald mob the girls deride, And very badly were they guyed:—The recent gale destroyed, I see, An awful lot of property:—Prince

Bismarck and the Ancient meet, And cordially each other greet:—Behold the youth in manner rash, Attempt to settle Li Hung's hash:—An allegory of the way, The law dogs pounce upon their prey:—The London Moulous t'other day, All met together Chingford way.—That is all I can do for you this week, I'm afraid. What's that you say, "And a jolly good Show too"? My friends, you do me proud. Ta, ta!—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.

ONE WAY OF LOOKING AT IT.



Daughter of the house (to guest). Uncle Bob, when I saw you kissing our housemaid this morning, I decided it would be the kindest thing to inform you at once that she is only flirting with you, as she is, in point of fact, already engaged to the milkman!



He. If you are going to start that infernal row again, I'm going out, so there you are!
[And this is the same man who declared (before marriage) that he could sit enraptured with her music for all eternity.]



"Going to see the Studios this year, Ethel?" "No; Mr. Boniface has painted my portrait, so I'm going to listen to all the nasty witticisms my friends will make on it—such fun."



THEN UP HE CAME WITH HIS LITTLE LOT!
Weather Clerk. What the Great Gulf Stream do you want?
Friend of Spring. Any orders for me, this year?
Weather Clerk. Yes; one!—get out!



Jobley. What the dickens gives you that asinine grin, Fitterton?—have you gone off your onion?
Fitterton. Not much. Why, the old Dutch is going to take a month's holiday, and take the mother-in-law with her—see?

ALLY-CAMPANE.

WITH that intolerable persistence generally associated with Nature's procedure, April showers follow March winds with a persistence that can only be compared with a creditor's chase after his debtor. In A. SLOPER's idea, April showers are most obnoxious, especially when he takes into account the fact that his family gingham is already worn threadbare. But, still, the Eminent hopes to indulge in the luxuries of May sunshine, and therefore lives in anticipation of what is in store for him.

It is quite likely that another big libel action will shortly rivet public attention. Those in the know are extremely reticent upon the subject, but from all that can be gathered it appears that Mr. McGooseley called recently at the Runfoozlers' and left a grossly libellous card with the hall porter for the Dook Snook. The precise language in which the libel was couched we are unable to give, but we understand it bore reference to his Grace's peculiar and invariable luck at "Tommy Dod." The Dook has placed the matter in the hands of his solicitors, and a High Life scandal will, we fear, be the result.

INVITATION cards for the formal luncheon of the Eminent's new racer, the *Toutain Belle*, are now being prepared in Jubilee's best handwriting. A bottle of fine tawny port at 12 has been ordered from the long-suffering and confiding grocer, with which A. SLOPER's lovely daughter will christen the yacht. It will be a function!

"Four hundred and seventy pounds," says Mr. Lee, the author of a most exhaustive treatise on the fox-terrier, "is the largest sum ever paid for a dog of this breed. Valuable animals will always fetch a high price." Perhaps some enterprising fancier may feel inclined to make an offer for Snatcher. A dog like that would be a fortune at stud.

RATIONAL dress is gradually but surely overcoming opposition, at least, that is what the admirers of this advanced form of costume tell us. We seriously doubt, however, whether its wearers will ever cease to attract the undesirable amount of public attention and the ribald jeers of the lower orders which is at present bestowed upon them. It is, perhaps, permissible for those women who go in for violent exercises to adopt some more suitable and comfortable attire than ordinary skirts and petticoats, but rational dress as an every-day costume for women! The Fates forbid it.

THE Moss-Grown Fabric has this day conferred the "Award of Merit" upon W. H. SCHWARTZ, because he finished the *Old 'Un* in ten minutes. "Feyther," cooed he of the Ultramarine Optics, as he gazed in admiration at a photo the Ancient had had taken at the West Pier Studio, "blow me if I don't look up this chap next time I'm in Brighton. The photographer who could make a mug like yours, feyther, look anything else but hideous must be a hartist of the first wa—" But with a howl of rage the Agèd hurled himself upon his traducer, and the squeals that forthwith arose led the passers-by to wonder whether there was a pig-sticking establishment in the neighbourhood.

Is it true that peace negotiations between China and Japan have terminated? Perhaps so. An individual with a piece knocked out of him, similar to Li Hung Chang, can hardly sue for peace.

It is generally understood that the Queen has not derived as much benefit from her trip to the South of France as was generally anticipated. Of course not. People behind the scenes prophesied that such would be the case, when it was understood that the Eminent would not be able to accompany Her Majesty.

It is quite improbable that the Ancient's offer to settle the boot trade dispute will be accepted. The operatives don't take kindly to a man who wears small nineteens.

IN reviving *Sowing the Wind* Comyns Carr has adopted a policy which cannot possibly fail to result in success. *Sowing the Wind* was withdrawn from the Comedy stage when at the height of its popularity, and, although several capital plays have been produced since, we doubt whether any of them have attained a similar excellence.

IN accordance with an invitation from the Royal Society of British Artists, A. SLOPER has inspected the Galleries dedicated to the exhibition of the drawings, paintings, etc., of this Society. According to the Eminent's idea most of the exhibits are excellent, and A. SLOPER does not mind admitting that he was quite sober when he investigated them.

ALTHOUGH England is only a very tiny country both Gladstone and A. SLOPER still continue to find sufficient surface in it on which to implant their feet. The G.O.M., we understand, arrived at Charing Cross on the 25th prox., at about which period the Eminent was indulging in his usual morning beverage at the Black Dog, Shoe Lane.

ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY.

EVER to the fore when novelties are to be dealt with, the Canterbury management are running Tom Burrows, of Military and Indian club fame. Of this gentleman it is stated that he can keep up a continual gratification of the clubs for twelve consecutive hours. Let him do so. A. SLOPER is proud to assert that there are very few among his readers who patronise this form of amusement.

EVEN great singers condescend at times to adopt the wholesale and retail methods of mere vulgar trade. Patti's usual price for one appearance is the comfortable little sum of £200, but as Sir Augustus has agreed to "take a quantity," the *prima donna* has consented to put up with £2400 for half-a-dozen operatic performances. This is indeed kind of her! What truly noble unselfishness.

At the time of going to press the Speaker controversy has not been arranged satisfactorily. In order to settle all disputes, A. SLOPER begs to assert that if an unlimited supply of "Un-sweetened" is laid on that he will be willing to conduct the job himself.

THANK goodness that flat-racing has commenced. The sharks have departed from Fleet Street, and Iky Moses has, comparatively speaking, been reaping a pretty rich crop without interference from his usual associates. The fact is, so far as the City is concerned, Iky Moses has the business to himself, and is making a fortune rapidly.

SIR AUGUSTUS says he's going to commence a short season of English Opera at Drury Lane after Easter. Despite the golden inducements held out to him, we understand that A. SLOPER has refused to accept an engagement. Unlike many other artists we could mention, the Tottering Tenor has quite finished his "farewell performances."

NEITHER the Police nor the Stock Exchange can be said to have come out particularly well over the Kafir affair. Both bodies appear to have exhibited an amount of temper and hastiness altogether unworthy of their sense and dignity, and thus what might have been settled by a little amicable arrangement, developed into a vulgar police-court scandal.

The police is a particularly obstinate body as a rule, with an exaggerated idea of its own importance, whilst the Stock Exchange has previously given proof of its unwillingness to tamely submit to insult. Let us hope, therefore, that no fresh outbreak of feeling will occur, and both policeman and stockbroker agree to bury the hatchet.

J. L. SULLIVAN, the ex-champion prize-fighter, has been dead and alive. A few days ago he was asserted to be dead as a door nail, and now it is reported that he is very much alive and kicking. Of course, the original publication of his demise was one of his original advertisements. The taste of the same, though, we very much question.

THE Mikado of Japan, we are told, is trying hard to obtain a thorough mastery of the English language. One of his chief reasons is that he will then be able to roar over his weekly *Larks* without the aid of an interpreter. Oh, it's a real corker is our ha'penny comic, we can tell you!

ANOTHER First of April has come and gone, and few there be who have attached any moment to it. The mysterious rites and customs appertaining to All Fools' Day have little significance now, though Hone, in his *Every-day Book*, has much to say upon the subject. People are too busy nowadays to do much practical joking, and the observance of the ancient custom of making April Fools is now almost solely confined to the juvenile portion of the community. Even they do not enter much into the spirit of the thing as their ancestors did, and we are informed on the most reliable authority that the demand for strap oil and asses' milk has almost ceased to exist.

THE coming generation will not be able to urge unfavourable climatic conditions as an excuse for not knowing how to skate. Real ice rinks will soon be opening all over the place, encouraged by the success of that at Niagara Hall. The patent and licence for the manufacture of the artificial ice can be bought, and Olympia, we hear, will shortly acquire these privileges. That vast area will afford something like a skate, won't it?

THE *Standard* of March 27th contains an advertisement for a country residence within thirty miles of London; Herefordshire preferred. Is this due to the advertiser's ignorance of geography, or the compositor reading Herefordshire for Hertfordshire?

A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.

A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING APRIL 13TH, 1895.

7th April, 1710.—Thomas Betterton, the actor, died this day. "The poor lad," says Dibdin, "born in Tothill Street, before Monarchy and the Stage went down, had a royal funeral in Westminster Abbey. He deserved no less. Off and on the stage he was exemplary in his bearing, true to every duty; as good a country gentleman on his farm in Berkshire as he was perfect actor in town."

8th April, 1755.—Lord Chatham this day writes to his nephew, "I rejoice extremely to hear that your father and the girls are not unentertained in their travels. My own travels at present are none of the pleasantest; I am going through a fit of the gout with what proper patience I may."

9th April, 1839.—A newspaper this day says: "We wonder whether it be true, as has been publicly alleged within the last twenty-four hours, that the clergy of a church in a fashionable metropolitan neighbourhood exact double fees for the solemnisation of matrimony throughout Lent, on the ground that 'they do not care to perform the marriage service during that period.' The layman's uninstructed mind fails to apprehend any good and sufficient reason why persons wishing to get married during Holy Week should be required to pay just twice the amount that would be charged them for ghostly ministrations, say, at Whitsuntide. Eccentricities of this sort are calculated to send candidates for wedded bliss to the registrar's office rather than to the parish church."

10th April, 1371.—E. T. Smith opened Highbury Barn this day.

11th April, 1856.—M. Silvain, the opera dancer, died this day at Paris, aged fifty.

12th April, 1607.—Gun locks were this day first made at Nuremberg.

13th April, 1828.—In a French paper of this date it is recorded that Mulon (servant to Mademoiselle Mars, the celebrated Parisian actress) and his wife had been tried, convicted, and sentenced to ten years' hard labour and the pillory, for stealing their mistress's jewels.

"THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR."

BROWN and Jones from the club-room went,
And fell in two different ditches.

Brown in his pocket had never a cent,
And Jones had some certain riches.

On Jones a nocturnal policeman dropped;
By another policeman poor Brown was copped.

And I wish you would tell me, O men of sense,
Why cash-bearing Jones was conducted thence
To his home by the "slop," while the cashless Brown
To the cell in the Bridewell was taken down!

SHE WOULD BE AN ACTRESS.

"BRAYVO, brayvo—hongcore, hongcore!!!"

The plaudits rang through the Goldhawk Road Lecture Hall as the curtain came down upon the last act of the very successful performance of *Two Rovers* by the "Brook Green Thespians." And as sweet, violet-eyed Ethel Tremayne—that was her programme name, of course—the "Ida" of the evening, bowed before the footlights, she already felt her soul take wings and mount into the sky.

Oh, why, why wouldn't her father—her devoted, self-sacrificing, but in amateur-dramatic matters hopelessly dense, father—consent to her going regularly "on the boards"? Already the dramatic critic (who was also the advertisement canvasser) of the *Hammer-smith Sentinel* had proclaimed her "marvellous ability," and she really wondered, pityingly, what would become of Mrs. Pat Campbell, Lily Hanbury, Annie Hughes—in fact, the rest of the "professional lot," if only she consented to "come out."

That was last January.

She opened in *Drained to the Dregs*; or, *Drunk, Drugged, and Deluded*, at the Theatre Royal, Maryland Point. It had nearly broken her father's heart to consent to her entering "the profession," but what are fathers' hearts, or, indeed, any other internal organs, where Fame, with a capital "F," is concerned? True, *Drained to the Dregs* was not exactly the sort of piece that suited her, nor "Deborah the Demoness," quite the kind of character Ethel had been accustomed to. Then, too, nine shillings a week was hardly a salary they'd have got Mrs. Pat Campbell for, even if she had consented to play at Maryland Point, but, as the acting-manager, who was also proprietor, author of the piece, and baggage man, very rightly said, "we must all have beginnings."

Ethel's father, sad and prematurely-aged, occupied a front stall at the initial performance. He was observed, like the military veteran when "upon the hill he stood," to wipe away a tear as the act-drop went up. From the demonstration which shortly afterwards followed, the Maryland Pointers seemed to care very little about *Drained to the Dregs*, and, early in the second act, an egg, shied at the leading man, struck Miss Ethel Tremayne upon the upper lip and trickled into her rosebud mouth. It was one of those eggs that is no better than it should be—not so good, in fact—and its odorous beastliness as it ran down her sweet throat, seemed to enter her very heart and drown out every spark of enthusiasm that had broken into flame on that proud and happy night in the Goldhawk Road.

Ethel Tremayne deserted the company that very night. Saddened by experience she sat by her father in the penny tram that seemed literally to creep back to Aldgate, and hot tears of disappointment trickled down her delightful cheeks and fell upon the fried liver and bacon upon which she made—under all circumstances—a somewhat hearty supper.

She never talks about theatres now, and doesn't even read the *Referee*, since the mere name of Pat Campbell distresses her, whilst even a boiled "new laid" 'un on the breakfast table causes her to shudder visibly. She may never make a great histrionic name, it is true, but—she's getting an excellent hand at beef-steak puddings and the simpler forms of pastry.

IN THE ORIENT.

It was early evening at Olympia—not the High Olympus on which the many fine old sportsmen of the Heathen Mythology departed, but 't'other place out Brook Green way. And Bobby B., of Throgmorton Street, who was sitting with Charlie C. of Capel Court, suddenly plucked that gentleman by the coat-sleeve and cried:

"Charlie, look across yonder—isn't that Dickie D.?"

"Cert'nly," cried Bobby. "Is that his wife with him?"

"Can't say—never seen her—but we can soon tell."

"Rot! How can we?"

"If it's his wife he'll sit her down at one o' those tables and stand her a cup o' tea; if it ain't he'll cart her off into the seven-and-sixpenny dinner in the Pera."

"Brutes!" ejaculated a dainty little waitress who overheard them; and "Hear, hear," says A. SLOPER.

Every Wednesday. Twopence.

JUDY.

Best Artists. Best Authors.

EDITED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

39 SHOE LANE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.



HARD ON HYMEN.

[According to some statisticians the number of marriages has decreased considerably since the present Government came into power.]



Match-making Ma's of course will rave,
To find a Government thus behave.
"Down with it!" they
Are sure to say—
"More cruel 'tis than Nero!"

AN APRIL FOOL.

It was Teezer's idea really, but we were all of us in the joke. "Let's make old Softleigh an April Fool," he had said. The fellows in the club crowded round him. "Good idea," said I; "but how's it to be done?" "I'll tell you," said Teezer: "here, sit close, you fellows; I fancy I caught a sight of old Softleigh's mug in the reading-room just now. Well, you know he's dead spoons on Miss Swaggebell!" "What! the beauty?—the heiress?" "Yes; like the beggar's confounded check, isn't it? Fancy Kitty Swaggebell marrying a milk-soppy fool like that!" "But what are you going to do?" we asked. "Do! Oh, kid him she's in love with him and get him to propose to her or something. He'd never muster up enough courage without."

"Yes, but how are we to convince him?" "We all thought deeply. "I have it!" cried Teezer, at last. "He doesn't know her handwriting; we'll send him a letter with a note inside that looks as if it had been written to a friend and put into the wrong envelope by mistake. Make her say she's writing to him about some parish matter—a beazar or something—so that he'll understand the error; and let her tell her friend how she adores Softleigh, and that his indifference is breaking her heart."

We all chuckled at Teezer's ingenious scheme. Poor Softleigh, looking in a moment later, seemed quite puzzled to know what we were laughing at. The letter was written and posted, and we all hugged ourselves with delight over the joke. "The fun of it is," said Teezer, "he'll be rushing off the moment he gets it to throw himself at her feet. They're both going to the Charity Ball to-night; I shall make a point of being there too. His face, when he finds out it's all a sell, will be a study."

We all waited in the smoking-room for Teezer to come back and describe the fun. Hurried footsteps at last: there he is—but eh, why, what's this? It is not our accomplice, but Softleigh himself who bursts in upon us. His face is beaming. "Here, all you fellows," he cries, "congratulate me; I'm the happiest fellow alive. Most extraordinary thing. Some mean cads played a dirty trick on me with a forged letter that induced me to propose to Miss Swaggebell. Never should have dared to without, I assure you. You know what people say about fortune-hunting, and all that. And what do you think? She accepted me! I'm not half good enough for her, of course, but she's going to marry me all the same. And now, you fellows, what are you going to drink!"

BELLES OF THE BUFFET.

No. 30.—THE EMPIRE GIRL.



THE Empire Hall in Leicester Square Ne'er fails to draw attention To the programme prime provided there, And in adverts. to mention The names of all the acrobats, The singers, flingers, jugglers, The dancing dogs and prancing cats, The pugilistic strugglers, The ballets, rich in hues well blent, And other treats there present, Which tend to make an evening spent In the Empire Hall so pleasant!

But, spite of all its frisky fare,
I cannot help surmising
That the Empire Hall in Leicester Square,
With all its advertising,
Does daily make one great mistake
In mentioning not the maiden
By whom (when we our thirst would slake)
Our glasses there are laden.
For, far beyond its programme prime,
And all the treats there present,
Methinks 'tis SHE who makes our time
In the Empire Hall most pleasant!

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

15 VERNON ROAD, CLAPHAM, LONDON, S.W.,
March 26th, 1895.

MY DEAR ALLY,—I am highly honoured and delighted that you have conferred on me your "Award of Merit," which I received in safety. You can hardly imagine how proud I feel to be the possessor of such a coveted degree. With warmest thanks dear ALLY, I remain, yours truly,
GEORGE SYKES, F.O.S.

SLOPER'S ANCESTORS.

No. 25.—BERNARD BARNSTORMER SLOPER.
Born, 1540. Slain with a half brick, 1586.

LIKE his ill-fated eldest brother Humphrey Romano, Bernard Barnstormer, the new baron, had also seen a bit of life. But with the untimely end of his wretched relative before his mental eye, Bernard Barnstormer wisely came to the conclusion that the Court of Good Queen Bess was no place for him. He possessed the handsome features and graceful bearing which had distinguished the unfortunate Humphrey Romano, and he feared, and not without reason, that Elizabeth might endeavour to console herself by transferring her blighted affections to him.

To a more ambitious man the prospect might have possessed charms, but Bernard Barnstormer wasn't taking any. He had a very sincere regard for the safety of his own head, and none at all for Elizabeth. He accordingly politely refused the Queen's conciliatory offer to appoint him Captain of the Beefeaters, and retired to his own castle to enjoy a little peace and quietness.

But not for long. The spirit of the rover was in him, and the solemn grandeur of the grand old feudal stronghold gave Bernard Barnstormer a severe fit of the blues. He longed for the pleasant boon companions of his oodless days, the roystering bucks with whom he had shared many a tavern haul. He had all his glorious ancestors' love for excitement, the blood of his many bold and fiery forefathers coursed in his veins, and the stolid respectability of a new order of nobles sickened him. A few months of this dreary existence was enough for Bernard Barnstormer, and, packing his traps, he returned to his earlier haunts.

But it is not given to a Sloper to be a nonentity. It is one of the most peculiar characteristics of this ancient and remarkable family, that no single member of it has failed to distinguish himself in some manner, however disgraceful.

Bernard Barnstormer was warmly welcomed by his old companions, though the fact that he was now in a position to pay for unlimited drinks and refund certain small loans, may have, in a manner, accounted for this display of feeling. Being a man of capital, he was paid great court to, and it was not long before he launched out into an enterprise worthy of one of his name.

The world has heard of William Shakespeare. As we remarked last week, it was owing entirely to the influence of Humphrey Romano that that bard attained fame for his poems. Similarly it was altogether due to the persuasion of Bernard Barnstormer that the young man from Stratford turned his attention from sonnets to plays. To this first great patron of the drama do we owe *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Lear* and the many other dramatic works of the now immortal bard. Bernard Barnstormer it was who financed him, produced his plays, ran his tours, and finally became sole lessee and manager of the first real Theatre Royal in the history of the British Drama.

Alas! that so great a benefactor should have met so sad a doom. Bernard Barnstormer conceived a sudden desire to play *Hamlet*, and chose the occasion of the author's benefit for the deed. But even in those days there was a limit to an audience's indulgence. A half brick, thrown with faultless aim, caught the moody Dane a death blow just in the middle of a soliloquy, and they drew his club money next morning.

(To be continued next week.)

THE PUNISHMENT OF IDOLATRY.

I.

AND, oh, but his wife was a winsome wife,
With her gladness of girlish laughter;
And he loved her more than he loved his life,
And more than his life's hereafter.
But God looked down with an angry frown
On idolatrous love so deep,
And the idolized—the too-highly-prized—
Is asleep where the willows weep.

II.

And, oh, but his child was a charming child,
With the brightest of eyes and faces;
And her father's heart she so far beguiled
By her affable arts and graces,
That she rivalled his love for the heavens above;
And God was enraged, displeased;
And the idolized—the too-highly-prized—
By the fingers of Death was seized.

III.

And, oh, but his brain was a brilliant brain:
Bright bays for its conquests bore he;
And he boasted its strength, in loud words and vain,
Not giving to God the glory.
But a hand was laid on the self-loved brain,
The hand of the Power on high;
And the idolized—the too-greatly-prized—
But engenders the maniac's cry.

GRAINS OF WHEAT.

DURING Lent punishment should not be meted out to naughty children by the birch. Take the "palm." See it? Dessay you've felt it at some period or other!

A contemporary says that the South Eastern people would carry more passengers if they lowered their rates. Probably, but they say they never were "fare-ing" better. Got it?

The charge for transmission of Post-Office telegrams is not to be reduced. It is said that the principal reason of this is that so many of the messengers grow out of their uniforms whilst delivering a message. Tumble?

A French chemist claims to have discovered a substance "three hundred times sweeter than sugar." A. SLOPER's open to bet that the "substance" is nearly twenty years old and wears high-heeled shoes and skirts. Eh?

It would be, it has been calculated, fifteen hundred times easier for the proverbial camel to go through the eye of the needle than for you to correctly guess the precise colour of the cat that was used in making that "curried rabbit" you had at a restaurant in the Strand last Monday. Twiggy vous?

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

"NOT At All": A cobbler having a day's holiday.

FASHION Note.—Morning Cotes: Pigeon-houses at 6 A.M.

FOOTBALL Mem.—A Full Back: That of Aeneas carrying his father Anchises from the ruins of Troy.

CAN an infuriated cow in a china shop be described as a cow-rage-ious animal?

THE thistle is a very low down plant, yet even the donkey doesn't care to sit too much on it.

"LET your gold glitter in your purse, and not upon your hand," as the dark-locked chorus angel remarked to her lovely friend who had spent all the morning in big ports and currant buns.

AUNT MACPHERSON'S MONEY.

CHAPTER V.

COUNT FLAUTANT sat smoking a high-flavoured cigar in his chambers at Greville Mansions. In his presence sat a Martin



Smoking a high-flavoured cigar.

Sylvester, mining engineer, a man of some thirty odd years of age. "So, Mr. Sylvester, I understand you to say you think the Saldado mine a very rich one?"

"It is an unusually good mine, but it cannot help being costly in the working."

"Because of faults?"

"Because of faults."

"And these faults consist of the lead breaking off short—coming apparently to an end, and the lead having to be searched for up or down some feet as the case may be?"

"That is so."

"These faults may happen only once, or they may occur more than once?"

"Yes."

"Or the mine may give out altogether?"

"Well, hardly that—the indications are always good."

"There are not many experts about?"

"No, only two men, the others are mere labourers."

"Good," said Count Flautant, as he opened a pocket-book, and took from it a paper. "I have in my hand a cheque purporting to be signed by Paul Stevenson for £173 10s. I understand that cheque is a forgery. It was the work of John Murray, a Scotch-

man, who was employed at a coal mine at Hamilton in Scotland. Do you happen to know him?"

"N-no," faltered Martin Sylvester, as his face blanched, and he looked round uneasily.

"Well, I happen to know him. In fact, it is part of my business to know everything. I even know where to lay hands on John Murray. I could do so at a few moments' notice," continued the Count, as he fixed his eyes on the man before him.

"Martin Sylvester was a pleasant enough looking man while he had been giving details regarding the Saldado mine, but an ugly look passed into his eyes, and his hand crept back towards his hip pocket.

"Don't move, Mr.

Sylvester, don't move," said the Count. "I, too, have been in Mexico, and I think I have got the bulge, haven't I?" as he pointed a tiny pistol towards the mining engineer.

"Yes, d—n you!" ejaculated Sylvester: "you have the bulge."

"Besides, remember we are in free and enlightened Britain, where the authorities have an ugly trick of hanging the survivors in a shooting match. You ought to know that much, for I understand you are a native of one of the divisions of this country."

"Never mind," said Sylvester, say what you meant to say and have done with it."

"Ah, you are calmer now."

"Speak, man, speak."

"Don't you think John Murray would do a good deal to know that that cheque was burned?"

"I fancy he would," faltered the man.

"Well, it will be burned—he will get it to burn himself—and you will get a cheque for £1000, not a forged cheque, if you carry out my instructions. Do you think you will carry them out?"

"Is there anything criminal—dangerous, intended?"

"Nothing nearly so criminal—nor half so dangerous as the writing of this cheque was to John Murray. You see, the authorities will be glad to know where he is—as to the work I propose you should do the authorities will never inquire about. Besides, I will give you this cheque to—well, to convey to John Murray should you happen to meet him."

"And if I do not—"

"If you refuse to undertake what I propose, I will ring the bell, order my servant to call a policeman, will hand him this cheque, and will charge John Murray with forgery."

"I consent."

"Tis well; you will return at once to the Saldado Mine. You will dismiss the experts, and three months hence you will strike a fault."

"The fault may not be there."

"I don't care whether it be there or not. You will wire home that it is there; and follow your statement with

a report that the mine is apparently worked out. Do you see?"

"It will ruin the shareholders."

"I am the principal shareholder," said Count Flautant.

(To be continued next week.)



Pointed a tiny pistol.

THE "F.O.S." PORTRAIT GALLERY.

RATIONAL.



No. 371.—Mr. J. B. EDMONDSON, F.O.S.
 "Although but a humble member of the community, J. B. Edmondson has nevertheless proved himself a worthy recipient of the 'Award of Merit.' He is one of SLOPER's oldest friends, and is almost as fond of 'Unsweetened' as the Eminent himself. Is an Insurance agent, and therefore an enemy to the influenza as well as most other complaints. Is still young, and may become famous—that is to say, if he commits a murder or some other lively crime. Passionately fond of music, but does not appreciate German bands or the mewling of cats. Prefers a trombone solo to anything else. Chiefly because he is a cute business man, J. B. E. was created F.O.S. and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him July 15th, 1892."
 —Debreit Improved.



She. I am afraid your income would not be sufficient to pay even my dressmaker's bill.
 He. But if you adopted the rational dress we might make the same clothes do for both.



Scow-shifter. I'd like a day in the country this Easter. I hain't had a holiday for five year.
 Stage-manager. Pooh! Day in the country? Stuff and nonsense! What man has more constant change of scene than you?



Gouty Old Gent. Oh, lor! take me home and strangle me!
 [Goes home squirming.]

STREET ACQUAINTANCES. No. 3.—THE TRAIN-SNORER.



Awful condition of young Pott Boyler after attempting to solve the problem, "How to make your own frames," two days before sending to the Royal Academy.



On Thursdays (early closing night), Miss Tupwrite has her sewing class, and young Scrubbles has a lecture to attend at Exeter Hall. Tableau Vivant! There's a picture for you.



A PARLIAMENTARY DEBATE.
 The noes have it.



The dear old gentleman who snoozes in the railway carriage and snores with a note something between a foghorn and a trombone. You always feel inclined to kill him, but you very rarely do it.

SYMPATHY

UP TO DATE.

GIRLS BILLY'S PROPOSED TO.



He. When I make a silly remark I always feel sad.
 She. What a supremely miserable man you must be.



"Hullo! a top hat! Must be a criminal—perhaps a stock-broker."



Artful Billy! The way he lied to her about his prospects was truly awful. She said she wouldn't marry him if he was rolling in gold, and the Honourable's taradiddles were in vain.